

## THE LITTLE BLONDE IN BLUE.

She trips through brae and bower  
As light as a fawn:  
Her face is like a flower  
That glimmers in the dawn.  
Her perfect form and features  
Have witched the world anew.  
Her coming brings  
A hint of wings,  
The little blonde in blue.

So winsomely she dances  
'Tis joy to view her glide:  
Like jewels are the glances  
She casts on every side.  
As Will of the Wisp at even,  
So gleams her satin shoe  
With twinklings fair—  
O heart! beware  
The little blonde in blue.

She hath a cunning dimple  
Upon her saucy chin,  
And wise as well as simple  
Have lost their hearts within.  
Alack for all who see it!  
Their rapture turns to rue.  
So shut your eye  
When she goes by,  
The little blonde in blue.

If famous tourneys olden  
Had known her tricksy wiles  
How many a knight had rolled in  
The dust to gain her smiles.  
What trouvers'neath her casement  
With lutes had come to sue,  
In rondeaux gay  
And virelais,  
The little blonde in blue.

Sly fairies float around her  
To work the gallants' harm,  
And lovingly they're crowned her  
With more than mortal charm.  
I clink my chains with rapture,  
Although my hopes are few;  
'Tis bliss to see  
Her winsome glee—  
The little blonde in blue.

—Samuel McInturn Peck, N. O. Times-Democrat.

## THE OLD SILVER TRAIL.

BY MARY E. STICKNEY.

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## CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"You are so kind," Dorothy returned, her eyes very bright as she looked down at him. "I am sure you did not guess that night how grateful we were. We were so tongue-tied with excitement—so wholly upset. But afterward—I would have been so glad of an opportunity to thank you again. It troubled me to think we had said so little when you had been so kind."

"It was more than kind of you not to think it presumption," he answered her, flushing with pleasure. "I confess it rather looked like that to me when you had so courteously dismissed me at the door of the Colorado building and I persisted in still keeping you in sight down the walk."

"But what a relief it was to me to find you there when that alarm came, and the fire company came rushing by and the crowd jostled me about! It was so soon after the Cold Storage disaster, and the idea of fire threw me into a panic, to say nothing of the fact that the crowd seemed disposed to trample me to death without perceiving me at all. I was so grateful to you for seeing me," she added, smiling down at him with perhaps more of kindness than she knew in the depths of her eyes. "You seemed like an old friend then—a friend in need."

"And how grateful I was to that fire alarm for giving me a chance to assume the attitude!" he eagerly exclaimed. "And when I ventured to assume that it might give me a pretext to walk along beside you—ah, Miss Meredith, I trembled for my audacity then a good deal more than when I was burglarizing in the Colorado building."

"I can hardly credit that. I remember you as perfectly cool and self-possessed," she declared, holding up her soft cap as though to shield her face from the fire, in reality making it serve as a screen to hide the blush she could feel burning upon her cheeks. "And what a mercy it was that you did come, in view of the fact that Mrs. Hallet was not waiting for me at the place we had agreed upon! With the darkness and the crowds about the electric fountains, I should have been wild if you had not been there to help me find her. And when she had been discovered and it further developed that she had lost the child and his nurse—why, you were a regular godsend. It was such a time of mishaps."

"You did seem rather out of luck, for a fact," he laughed, "though when you make so much of my small services I feel anything but sympathetic in a way; I can't be sorry that it happened. But I never clearly understood, by the way, how your friend happened to let the boy get away from her. Was it in her hunt for you?"

"Oh, no; we had left little Paul with his nurse looking at the trained animals over in the Midway late in the afternoon, arranging that they were to take supper at some place over there where the girl had a friend employed. I fancy it was her sweetheart, from her anxiety to patronize the place. At all events, it was settled that they were to be left to their own devices until seven o'clock, when they were to meet us by the electric fountains. But Mrs. Hallet and I became absorbed in bagging over some curios at one of the anthropological buildings, and before we knew it it was after seven o'clock. Of course she felt that she must fly to keep her appointment with little Paul, while it was hastily settled that I should take the intramural train around to the Colorado building and get my jacket, which I had left there. It had never occurred to her that she had arranged her rendezvous at the spot which was sure to be most crowded at that hour, where everybody was gathering for the illumination; but when she came there, of course it was like hunting a needle in a haystack to find the child and nurse. And then, as it grew dark, and her search continually appeared more hopeless, while I also failed to come back, the poor woman was simply wild. It seemed very funny in retrospect—such a chapter of incidents; but it did not appeal to our sense of humor at the time."

"I should say not," he sympathetically rejoined; adding, with good cheer essentially masculine: "But you came out of it all right."

"Thanks to you. And now to have you come a second time to rescue me from despair!" She paused expressively, looking at him as though in new amazement as she reflected upon the strangeness of such happenings. "Did you recognize me at once?—but I remember—you called me by my name. Now I think of it, though, I am surprised that you know my name. I did not suppose I mentioned it that night."

"You did not; but I heard your friend call you 'Dorothy,'" he confessed. "It is not very common—the name; and Dorothy Meredith was the only Dorothy to be found in 20 pages of the visitors' book at the Colorado building. I had plenty of time to look—while I was waiting for you to come."

His face had flushed deeply, and there was a curious light in his eyes as he smiled up at her.

It flashed upon the girl that to a woman who loved him he would be simply adorable with that smile upon his face; and then her cheeks, too, reddened for the forward thought, and she hastily moved away as she murmured a comprehensive "Oh!"

"I felt most certain of the name," he went on, "but you made your address cruelly vague, don't you know? It was simply Colorado. There was not even a hint as to where you might be found in Chicago."

"Oh, it was simply a tribute of loyalty to Colorado, signing the name at all," she hurriedly rejoined, embarrassment growing upon her for the frank admission of how much he had cared to see her again. "And then I am rather like the man who was born down Cape Cod and all along shore. I could hardly lay claim to any fixed place of abode."

"No?" he returned, interestedly, the tone courteously interrogative.

"I was born in Colorado," she explained, with an air of friendly confidence; "but the altitude never agreed with my mother, and when I was twelve years old she took me east, partly that I might be educated there, and partly for the sake of her own health. Since then I have only been back for occasional visits; but I have always called Colorado home. And now I suppose I shall be here more." Her face clouded over, as after a brief hesitation she added: "My mother died last spring."

"Indeed," he murmured. Seeing that he seemed casting about in his mind for further comment, the girl hastened to add, with kindly garrulity: "We were to have gone abroad this summer, papa and I, but just at the last minute we were stopped by a wretched lawsuit here at Windy Gulch. Perhaps, by the way, you know my father, Col. Meredith?"

"Yes; I know him," the young man admitted, rather dryly as it seemed, dragging his box a little farther from the fire, which brought his face more into shadow; irrelevantly adding, in a tone which somehow struck the girl as odd: "And so it was this lawsuit which brought you to Windy Gulch, and gave me the pleasure of meeting you again?"

"Yes. It is strange how things turn out, is it not?" She looked at him with a rather baffled feeling, conscious of a vague sense of irritation. For her own part, she had been so cordially frank; there was even a rankling suspicion in her mind that she had been more friendly than the conditions might warrant. Only by reciprocal confidence could he relieve the situation from awkwardness now. "And do you live here—at Windy Gulch?" she went on, curiosity in her glance.

"That is my post office address," he said, devoting himself to putting more wood on the fire, with rather an inscrutable smile. "I live—so far as it can be called living—up at my mine. Which reminds me," starting up abruptly, contrition in his air, "I promised you I would ride over to the Grubstake and let your father know that you are all right. I had almost forgotten it; but would you like me to go now?"

"What! and leave me alone here?" Dorothy cried, in a tone of sharp protest.

"Not unless you like, of course."

"The fact is, I have been thinking papa might not be there himself," she went on. "He rode over to Tomtown this afternoon to see a surveyor there, a Mr. Brigham. It is a bad road, you know, and with a storm and all, it seems as though he might have been detained, does it not?"

"I should think it quite probable," the young man returned, looking at her with an expression of keen interest. "He rode over to see Brigham, did you say?" And then, the odd, shamefaced look upon his face, he added, prefacing the hurried explanation with a note of laughter that seemed strangely forced, "Brigham is rather a friend of mine, you see."

"Is he?" Miss Meredith returned, looking at him in vague surprise. "I fancy papa does not know him very well. In fact he—"

"Don't, Miss Meredith! You must not!" he brusquely interrupted. "I was a cad to let you say a word about him; but—"

He rose hurriedly, leaving the sentence unfinished, while he went to the door and looked out with an air of seeing nothing. "I beg a thousand pardons," he said, gently, presently turning back, seeming very big and broad-shouldered as he stood looking down at her, "but the fact is, your father has a lawsuit on—your spoke of it a moment ago; and in such cases even trivial things—admissions that might seem almost nothing—might really make grave mischief. Especially under the circumstances—well, I should be very sorry to take an unfair advantage by letting you say anything you might afterward be sorry for, you know."

"But I have not said anything!" the girl protested, looking wholly bewildered.

"No; you have not said anything," he said, soothingly, his eyes seeming to her entreat forgiveness. "Only—pardon me for offering advice—if I were you, Miss Meredith, I would never speak to

a stranger of your father's movements. Of course, in nine cases out of ten no harm might be done; but then, again—you might regret it."

"I think my error in the present case was in assuming that you were not—a stranger," her face flushed an angry red, frank mortification in her eyes. "But has it not stopped raining? I thought as you opened the door that it seemed almost clear."

"Blundering chump that I am, I have made you hate me!" he impetuously exclaimed.

"Oh, by no means," her chin very much in the air. "I never trouble to hate strangers."

"But it was a mere question of time, I suppose," he gloomily went on, hardly addressing the remark to her. "Soon or late you were bound to have it in for me."

There was startled questioning in the girl's swift glance, and then she looked away. "Did you say it had stopped raining?" she asked, stiffly, after a moment.

"I believe it has," he dully rejoined, going to the door to look out again. "Yes; it has stopped. I suppose I would better go for the horses."

The spirit of frank good-fellowship in which they had renewed their unconventional acquaintance in the shelter of the old hut seemed to have been lost in its shadows. In almost sullen silence they rode along over the rough trail, making toward the turning to the Mascot mine. At first she coldly protested against his coming with her, but he said that it had grown too late for him to ride on then to the ranch for which he had started out; he would have to make the trip another day; and now, if she really did not mind, he would prefer to go back. With chill indifference Miss Meredith assented, and then they rode along with the silence scarce broken but for the splashing fall of garnered rain-drops from the branches overhead and the sucking sound of the horses' hoof-beats in the sodden ground. Once he turned to ask if she found the motion painful for her wrist; and again, when they came to the point where she had missed the way, he remarked that it would have been strange if she had discovered a trail so hidden by the crowding, quaking aspens; but she answered him only in monosyllables, and he presently abandoned all effort toward sociability.

They were equally relieved, perhaps, when they finally came out on the brow of the hill at the west of the Mascot mine. The constraint was becoming almost unbearable. "It will not be necessary for me to bore you much longer, you see," the young man observed, a touch of satire in his smile. For the narrowness of the way they had been riding single file, and he had waited here for her to come up beside him.

"You are going to stop—there?" she exclaimed, looking down the wide

draw to where a group of bare, unpainted buildings clung to the hillside.

"Yes. You had already guessed it, had you not?—that I am Harvey Neil, of the Mascot?" looking her hardily in the eyes, with an assumption of cool nonchalance. "I did not intrude myself before, because—"

"Because you knew that I would be drenched a hundred times over rather than accept any favor from Harvey Neil, of the Mascot," she flashed out, her eyes ablaze with wrath. She was surprised at the vehemence of her feeling, at the poignant sense of disappointment and ill usage which was filling her with desire to visit with fierce punishment his air of smiling unconcern. "I suppose it seemed to you a joke to take me in—to delude me with talk of your acquaintance with my father—to let me go on as though you had been an old friend, until I had been betrayed to such a frankness of speech that even you were ashamed of the mean advantage you were taking."

I did guess after that; at least I thought there must be something; but I could not—I would not believe it could be so bad as this. I was so sure that you were gentlemanly!"

"See here, Miss Meredith, you are going too far," he interposed authoritatively, a light in his eyes before which her angry glance wavered. "I did not force myself upon you; you must remember that. I ran across you by accident, just as I did at the world's fair. I found you in a pouring rain, your wrist sprained and your horse foundered. In common decency I could do no less than take you to shelter; and—I tried to behave like a gentleman; you must at least give credit for the intention. I did not talk of any acquaintance with your father; I merely admitted that I knew him when you asked me. As to deluding you into imprudent speech, it was my fatal blunder that I stopped you at the very first word in the smallest degree compromising. I could not take advantage of you in such a way; and when you are calmer you will know that I could not."

"But it was not honest to let me go on for a moment supposing that you were a friend," the girl returned, implacably, gazing straight ahead.

"I was a friend—I am—to you, Miss Meredith," he impetuously retorted. "Heaven knows we have no quarrel, whatever may lie between your father and me. I did not venture my name for that very reason; it was so sweet to meet you again so nearly on the footing of an old friend. So long as I had no name you thought me a gentleman—you have said so; and for just so long you accorded me the same measure of kindness that you might have given to any other man under the same circumstances. It was a stolen pleasure, certainly; but it has given me one good hour to remember out of many bad ones at Windy Gulch. If you grudge it to me, I am sorry; but for the thing itself—my sin of omission, if you please—I shall not pretend to be sorry in the least. I am glad of it, and always shall be, whatever you have to say, Miss Meredith."

The girl rode on for a couple of minutes in silence, with a little scornful air of ignoring his existence; then, as though of a sudden bethinking herself, she looked around, her cheeks flaming red, her eyes shining with a brightness which seemed perilously akin to tears. "I suppose it would be a waste of time to discuss the point of honor in the case," she said, tartly. "And I am sure I need not trouble you to come any farther, Mr. Neil," bringing out the name with evident dereliction.

"All right," he acquiescently rejoined, checking his horse at once. "But—I wish we could part friends, Miss Meredith."

"Ah, we can never be friends—never! Can you not see that?"

There was an odd flash in Harvey Neil's eyes as he leaned forward, intently regarding her averted face for an instant, and his voice was exquisitely gentle as he impetuously exclaimed: "I believe you are almost as sorry to say that, Miss Meredith, as I am to hear you. And if that is so, we are friends, in spite of everything."

"Never!" she vehemently retorted, giving the horse a smart touch with the whip; and without another word she dashed away down the hill, leaving him looking blankly after her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN UNUSUAL CALL.

The Strange Night Visit of a Country Doctor.

"The life of a country doctor is not one of ease and luxury," commented an old practitioner. "A call at night and then a drive perhaps of five or six miles up hill and down dale in the darkness of the forest. One night I received a call from a distant farmhouse. Upon arriving there, I found a lad of about 18 with a bullet wound in his shoulder. I dressed the wound with much care and then the lad with much anxiety observed:

"You won't say anything about this, doctor?"

"Why not, my lad? I pitied him in a way, for his eyes had a hunted look and he appeared half famished and half dead."

"Because I received this wound in escaping from the sheriff."

"You needn't tell me."

"I must. I couldn't get work, sir, and, not able to resist temptation, I stole. It was for the first time. I thought you might speak of dressing a wound and then they would know where to find me. If you say nothing, I may be able to leave the country. You have been kind to me, doctor. Do this and—"

"On one condition, lad."

"And that is?"

"You will not steal again."

"Would you believe a—a thief?"

"I will believe you."

"I promise."

"Many years afterward I received a box of good things for Christmas from California. The next year another box came and so for many years. The only clew I had to the sender were a few words in the first box: 'I have kept the promise I made you, doctor.'"—Detroit Free Press.

THE WALLS HAVE EARS.

It was a radiant night in June, and, as they walked slowly up the rose-lit path from the quaint little gate by the road, he bent his head lower and touched her cheek with his lips. She looked up at him in surprise. Perhaps he had been hasty; perhaps it was not his right to touch the shrine of his worship; perhaps the moon had never seen a sight like that; perhaps the fragrance of rose and honeysuckle had never fallen on the air of June that lovers breathe; perhaps she did not know the measure of his heartbeats; perhaps—perhaps—oh, word uncertain, filled with the mystery of man and woman. His eyes met hers, tremulous with emotion unspoken, and they moved silently toward the house, with his arm about her shoulders, as comrades walk. "You are the most beautiful woman I ever saw," he whispered—"the one woman in the whole world I love." As she threw her arms about his neck in rapture the four walls of the house fell to the earth with a dull thud. That man and that woman had been married ten years!—N. Y. Sun.

WHAT MOSES SAID.

A master of hounds in England, now no more, used to relate with great glee how a small girl, the tiny daughter of an M. P. H., was receiving her first lessons in Scripture from her grandmother, whose text book was a pictorial Bible. The passage of the Red sea was the subject of this particular lesson, and the ancient woodcut showed the Red sea banked up on each side. "And here," said the grandmother, "Is Moses, directing the Israelites to make the passage. What do you think that he is saying to them to exhort them to courage?" The little maiden looked up artfully, and, remembering the language of her father's huntsman when the hounds came to a brook, promptly replied: "Yooi over, lads; yooi over."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—It is a sad fact that a great many intellectual women have very dirty kitchens.—Washington Democrat.

## Claiming the Credit.

"It is really remarkable," said Mr. Meekton, "to note how many eminently successful men were regarded as stupid when they were in school."

"Yes," replied his wife, in a significant tone, "and the most interesting point is that most of them did not begin to acquire any reputation for being smart until after they were married."—Washington Star.

## Unsympathetic.

"I have no home," the loiterer sighed. The doughty millionaire replied: "If you had one, 'twould make you blue—What the assessor did to you."—Washington Star.

## INCONSOLABLE.



Mrs. Mulhogan—Shure, an' did yez hear about Missus Grogan cuttin' av her throat?

Mrs. McNulty—I did that; an' I understand Mr. Grogan is near crazed wid grief.

Mrs. Mulhogan—Yer roight, he is. She tuk his bist razor to do it wid.—Up-to-Date.

## Well Looked After.

"Brooks," said Rivers, "you ought to do something for that cold of yours. A neglected cold sometimes leads to serious consequences."

"This cold of mine isn't neglected," crossly answered Brooks. "Five or six hundred of my friends are looking after it."—Chicago Tribune.

## Cause of Monotony.

Editor—Mr. Paragraph, I wish you wouldn't write so many jokes about men who can't pay their bills; they are funny enough in a way, but so many of them are a little monotonous. Can't you get your mind on some other subject?

Mr. Paragraph (thoughtfully)—Perhaps I could—if I had a little larger salary.—N. Y. Weekly.

## Uncle Allen's Opinion.

"As to the claim that ice cream will cure the hiccoughs," said Uncle Allen Sparks, "my experience with several young nieces convinces me that the only thing ice cream will cure is the craving for ice cream, and it only does that temporarily."—Chicago Tribune.

## One Implied the Other.

"I am poor but honest," he began, when the other interrupted him.

"You can leave off half of that," he said.

"Do you mean that I am not honest?" "No I mean that you are poor."—N. Y. Journal.

## The Wise Physician.

Watts—Is Dr. Pilze as good a physician as Dr. Bowless?

Potts—I don't know, but I know Bowless doesn't think so. He always turns his practice over to Pilze when he is called out of town for any length of time.—Indianapolis Journal.

## A Characteristic Cry.

First Summer Girl—You should have slept with me last night, Tess. The man in the next room kept hollering "Cash! Cash!" all night long in his sleep.

Second Summer Girl—Wonder which he is—dry dogs clerk or foreign nobleman?—Puck.

## All Hold Lost.

"I seem to have lost all hold on him," she wailed.

The other married lady looked sympathetic. "You are not referring," she asked, "to his having shaved off his beard?"—Indianapolis Journal.

## Mistaken Economy.

"I didn't wear my best hat, for fear the rain would injure it."

"Well?"

"When I came home, however, it was a perfect wreck just the same; my cook had worn it."—Detroit Free Press.



A VOICE FROM THE POLE.

Santa Claus—See here, now this won't do! Not only is Mr. Andree invading my privacy, but there's a whole crowd down there making off with my private treasure. I've used that Klondike lode this thousand years for Christmas watches, rings, bracelets and what not. I'll have to stick up some signs: Keep Off the Ice!"

## Naturally Insulted.

"May we have the pleasure of your company this evening, colonel?" she asked.

The colonel drew himself up haughtily and replied with every evidence of offended dignity:

"Madam, I command a regiment."—Chicago Post.

## A Recipe.

Dick—One is so apt to lose sight of one's friends.

Harry—That's not necessary. Mine stick to me with touching fidelity.

Dick—How do you manage it?

Harry—Oh, I borrow money of them.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## An Appropriate Correction.

A local poet indited a sonnet to his sweetheart, entitled "I kissed her sub-nosa." The compositor knew better than that, and set it up in printer's Latin: "I kissed her sub-nosa."—Tit-Bits.

## The Utility of Athletics.

Benton—What's the use of all this athletic business in college life, anyhow?

Fenton—It makes the graduates who can pass the mental examination eligible for the police force.—N. Y. Truth.

## Not Exactly.

"Well," said Mr. Poindexter to Mr. Clingstone, as the latter got off the train on his return from Washington, "are you the appointee?"

"No; I am the disappointed," replied the office seeker.—Judge.

## Apparently Prosperous.

Gadby—I hear that Jorkins has started a sausage factory.

Rugby—Yes.

Gadby—How's he getting on?

Rugby—Making both ends meat, I guess.—N. Y. Journal.

## A Prediction.

Waiting for prosperity all along the line! Waiting for the sunlight of the better days the slugs like to miss the golden glories when they burst; The man who advertises is the man who'll see them first.

—Washington Star.

## Quality and Number.

"That shoe, madam," said the urbane clerk, "is A1."

They were also 3's, but the sale was made.—Detroit Free Press.

## A General Break.

Mrs. Hoyle—What was all that noise at your house this morning?

Mrs. Doyle—The servant broke some of the china and then my husband broke one of the commandments.—N. Y. Truth.

## Lodge.

"Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness—These were the muttered words we caught—"

"So vast my wife would have no means of knowing."

"If there were really such a lodge or not."—Detroit Journal.

## PROOF POSITIVE.



"That we had a good time I remember well; but I didn't know I'd enjoyed myself so much."—Ally Sloper.

## Conversational, Perhaps.

Her lips seemed made for kisses, nothing more;

But, now I know her better, I can see That they have possibilities galore, And marvelous adaptability.

—Puck.

## Hints for the Household.

"Mamma, why do recipes always say to keep jellies and preserves in dark places?"

"So that little boys like you will be afraid to go where they are."—Chicago Record.

## A Clash at Arms.

"Well, Bobby, have you had a pleasant day?"

"Yes'm; me and Jack took our three pups an' went over t' play 'th Billy Perkins' four cats."—Detroit Free Press.